

ourselves so fit that the infection wont make an impression on us.

Bad air, poor and insufficient food, lack of sunlight, living in dark and damp quarters and in crowded rooms, working in dusty and poorly lighted and ventilated shops, intemperance in drink or in sexual intercourse—these are some of the things that make tuberculosis possible.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By Stuart B. Stone.

The chic, pinkish girl from the city plucked at her fluffy skirts and uttered a little scream.

Mr. Kane very reluctantly took his gaze from the girl upon the stump and peered through the thick green foliage across the murmuring brook. "Woodland deities!" he cried. "A wild cow, upon my life."

"Oo-ooh!" echoed the girl, with an adorable shiver. "A wild what?"

"A wild cow!" repeated young Mr. Kane. "One of the snarling, vicious brutes that infest these forests and devour innocent women and children."

"Oo-ooh!" interrupted the girl. "It is crossing the brook!"

"Quick, quick!" ordered the young farmer. Then he grasped her carefully, reverently, and striding across the carpety ground, lifted her into the snug branches of a young maple. A rich, brassy tinkling came from the direction of the purling branch, nearer, nearer. The wild cow poked her red-flecked head through the bushes and regarded

them almost mildly. But the girl shivered charmingly.

"Oo-ooh! How can you be so dreadfully brave, Mr. Kane? Aren't you going to climb up?"

"No, indeed," answered the young man. "I'm going to stand right here and defend you with my life."

The wild, red-brown Jersey advanced a bit, tossing her sleek head so that the bell clanged noisily.

"Oo-ooh!" screamed the girl again. "I just wont allow you to stand there and be massacred on my account."

The young farmer grinned. "I'd be massacred every change of the moon to save your little finger"—he began; but the girl interrupted with a shrill scream.

"Oo-ooh! Save yourself, Mr. Kane—dear Mr. Kane!"

The young man turned quickly. The wild cow was sauntering slowly toward him. When she had ambled to a spot two feet in front of him she halted and licked out her pink tongue.

"Moo!" observed the wild cow. "Moo! Moo!"

Mr. Kane turned to the girl in the tree. "For your sake," he said, airily waving a kiss. Then he advanced to the reflective wild cow, and, grasping a short, sharp horn in each hand, he turned her about and started back to the purling brook. From the snug, leafy maple the girl shrieked in pretty soprano staccato. The wild cow made no sound save to tinkle the bell in gentle protest.